

IF THEY KNEW IT IN BOSTON.

DEMURE EFFIE LAMBERTSON'S EVENTFUL VISIT TO GOTHAM.

A Drive in Central Park with a Tea Towel, Young Man, Bumpers of Champagne, a Night in a Police Cell, an Interesting Fight with a Policeman, \$10 Fine and a Ragging Headache.

Miss Effie Lambertson was the quietest, most respectable appearing person in the Yorkville Court yesterday. Effie is an educational example of the way young Boston women should not spend Christmas.

She came with a friend over to this gay metropolis for two or three days. On Christmas morning she went to the Park with a gentleman friend, and engaging a couple they took the air in style.

At Mount St. Vincent they skipped out and had a quiet lunch. Also a quart bottle of champagne, not too dry, just sweet enough for a fresh young Bostonian dandy who does not wear glasses.

Effie drank her half like a little woman, and got razzle-dazzled in short order. But Effie is nothing if not virtuous, and when the young gentleman, stimulated by the amber vintage, intimated to Effie that he wanted a kiss, Effie got as straight as she could with her head going round like a carousel, and she said him nay with real severity. Moreover, she gave him the option of leaving the cab or seeing her do so. So the young man left, unliking and unloved.

That is one of the funny things about Boston girls. They don't like to be kissed. Effie subsequently found that her \$40 was not to be found, and charged the cabby with appropriating them. Park Policeman Cooper came up, saw Effie's befuddled condition, and hustled the cabby and herself off to the Sixty-seventh street station.

Then one of the officers who was hurrying her up caught hold of her arm, presumably giving it a gentle squeeze. Effie's virtue got the better of her again, and snatching up the bottle she fired it at the hardy man in blue. After that Effie was locked up and went sally tears of repentance through the still waters of the night.

In the morning she was herself again, though suffering from a violent katzenjammer from her pint of champagne.

In the court Justice Patterson found that she preferred no charge against her, but was as reticent as a cat about her money all night afterwards. So he fined Effie \$10 of her recovered money.

She passed a ten-dollar bill to the young man with the real mistake who absorbed it in the Yorkville Court, and walked out with much dignity.

She walked down Fifty-seventh street, with Officer Crofton gallantly escorting her, his was as reticent as a cat about her money all night afterwards. So he fined Effie \$10 of her recovered money.

They walked up to Sixty-fifth street, and then Crofton left her. Effie turned down the street again.

The EVENING WORLD reporter strolled across and accosted her, inquiring what she was going to do.

"I'm going to get a cab and drive around till my friends get better, and then go back to my friends, and get over to Boston as soon as I can."

"What will you say to your friends?"

"Oh I have that all fixed. I've never been caught in such a thing as this before. The officer was very kind and gentlemanly, and I offered him a fine, which he refused. He wouldn't take it. He said he had only done his duty."

"He didn't take the money?" gasped the reporter.

"No," said Effie.

"What you do is this. Get a cab, take your drive and make him leave you at the Sixty-fifth street station. Then go to the Yorkville Court, and take a little Vicky, with bearbonate soda in it, and then go home. You're too much of a Bostonian to stay in New York any longer now."

Effie thanked the reporter and engaged a cabman at a dollar and a half an hour, and was driven off in a fair way to recovery.

Effie is a very respectable seeming girl, with hazel eyes, mild, quiet, pale, complexion and good figure. She wore a dollman, heavily braided, black fur around her neck, black kid gloves and a dark blue felt hat with a white wing and aigrette on it. Her gown was of a light-colored, woolen stuff.

One night in a police station, \$10 fine and the sense of a headache is as much training in dissipation Effie needs, as is of a respectable family, does not have to do anything for a living and is dreadfully worried for fear her parents will find out about her escapade.

NEW JERSEY'S PARDON MILL.

IT NOW COMMUTES MURDERER COFFEY'S SENTENCE.

All Jersey City Indignant Over It—A Paradoxical Case with the Pardon Commission's Action in Pardoning the Life of Junior Titus, Who Murdered Billy Smith in Hackettstown After Criminally Assaulting Her.

The death sentence of Peter Coffey has been commuted by the Court of Pardons to imprisonment for life.

The New Jersey Court of Pardons is a peculiar institution—a wild, weird thing, so to speak.

It was instituted as an improvement over the pardoning power in other States, where the Governor alone may pardon or commute the sentence of a convicted criminal. It was argued that the Board of Pardons, with nothing else to do, could make closer inquiry into each case and act with more intelligence.

But the sentence has not seemed to justify the belief. The commutation of the death sentence of Junior Titus to life in the penitentiary for life has aroused the good people of Jersey.

Titus was convicted of strangling to death Titus Smith at the Centenary Collegiate Institute, Hackettstown, N. J., after a long and careful trial. Afterwards in making application to this most astonishing "Court" for a pardon, Titus wrote a confession and in it he made out against himself a far more horrible charge than the one he had made against Titus Smith.

He related in his confession that, despite the fact that he had a most estimable wife, he had enticed little Titus Smith, a domestic in the household, into a room in the basement of the Institute at night, had assaulted her there, and had strangled her to death while she struggled in defense of her honor.

Over her grave was erected a monument, on which was this inscription:

TITLE SMITH.
She Died in Defense of Her Honor.
April 9, 1886.
Aged 18 years.
Erected by an Appreciative Public.

There were angry remarks, not at all complimentary to the members of the Trenton Court of Pardons, made by the people of Hackettstown, and the fame of this singular body spread over the land, for they were the subject of the paragraph and the preacher for weeks.

And to-day Jersey City is excited and indignant over this latest freak of the pardoning power.

Peter Coffey's crime was in one respect similar to that of Titus. His victim was Agnes Smith, a woman whom he had chosen in preference to his own wife, and whom he had persisted in forcing upon his wife, until one day in June last, while Mrs. Coffey was endeavoring to entertain the paragon of her husband, being forced thereby by him, a quarrel arose and the unfaithful husband followed his ill-lit lover into another room and shot her in the back and she died next day.

Coffey then shot himself, and when physicians and the police arrived he told them that he had shot Miss Smith because he loved her. He hoped she would die with himself. His trial the prosecutor did not present all his evidence against Coffey because it was not necessary. He had long been a dangerous man and had been once barely prevented from shooting a man who owed him 12 cents.

At another time he fired six shots at a herd of children who had annoyed him with their noise, and only a week before the murder he attempted to brain a man with a chair for looking into a room where he was sitting with Agnes Smith.

Only last week this Court of Pardons commuted to twenty years imprisonment the death sentence of Schenck, the man who drew his young wife away from her mother, took her across the street and brutally shot her to death.

At another time he fired six shots at a herd of children who had annoyed him with their noise, and only a week before the murder he attempted to brain a man with a chair for looking into a room where he was sitting with Agnes Smith.

His bill is now in preparation to that effect which will be presented to the Legislature.

Uninteresting.
[From Puck.]

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ENGLAND WAS NOWHERE.

IT WAS A RAZZLE-DAZZLE KNOCK-OUT THAT MAULIFFE GAVE HYAMS.

A \$5,000 Backer of Dempsey Against Mitchell Is Heard From—Proposition That They Fight in the Same Ring as Sullivan and Kilrain—Change of Date for the National Skating Meeting.

A well-known sporting man uptown has suggested that in case the Sullivan-Kilrain match comes to the desired issue, Jack Dempsey and Charley Mitchell should have a battle in the same ring in which the two big fellows fight and immediately after their differences have been settled. The gentleman does not wish his name mentioned at present, but says he will back Dempsey for \$5,000 to fight Mitchell in the way he suggests. If Jack will agree to the proposition. Such an arrangement would, if carried out, insure the greatest pugilistic event this country has ever known, and it is not altogether merely a suggestion either, as the next few days will prove.

Jack McAuliffe's easy defeat of Jake Hyams, the Englishman, last night was a good demonstration of the superiority of our boxers over those of England. Hyams may be considered a clever boxer at home, but he cannot touch our champion, and probably does not care much about trying to do so.

McAuliffe had the battle from the start and made his opponent show at a greater disadvantage than any one had supposed he would. Hyams is familiar with all the tricks of the English ring, but he was out of his mind last night, making his fighting with fair-minded Americans consider most foul. But McAuliffe caught him at them and gave him such a punishment as he will not soon forget. Jack knocked him down once in the second round and six times in the seventh. Hyams is game, stands punishment well, and is a smart man at ducking and dodging, moving as quick as a flash, but his punches and blows are weak compared with McAuliffe's. The men were about the same weight, with Hyams in better condition. The only blow which did Jack any damage was one with Jake's right on his left eye, although the effect was scarcely noticed. Jack forced the fighting up to the end of the fourth round. Hyams was somewhat winded, and held off two rounds. In the eighth, Hyams having been floored six times in the round previous, and being groggy, Jack renewed his vigorous attacks and knocked the Englishman senseless with a right-hander on the second when about a minute of the round had elapsed, winning the contest. It was a fine go, and the result has again pushed the Mc-Cliff match up a peg. Jack and Billy Madden leave for their Western tour tonight.

"I have another announcement to make," said Steve O'Donnell at Police Hall last night. "I have another announcement to make," said Steve O'Donnell at Police Hall last night. "I have another announcement to make," said Steve O'Donnell at Police Hall last night.

John Boyle, of Brooklyn, rather turned the tables on Billy Hart in Police Hall last evening. When they boxed before the McAuliffe-Kilrain match, Hart had the best of it, but last evening Boyle got in his work very cleverly.

The two boys who entertained the spectators last night at the Police Hall were making themselves famous for their "music on the rafters." Their instruments are only a tin whistle and a harmonica, but their efforts make inspiring music and shorten the delays.

Con McAuliffe, the champion light-weight brother, is making a book at the half-mile tracks for himself and George Smith and James Colville, of Boston. Mr. Colville and Collyer Kitch, of Boston, also have been booked for the same purpose.

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THE LILY'S XMAS DINNER.

PLUM-PUDDING REFERRED TO A WILLIAMSBURG MATINEE.

Little Lord Fauntleroy No. 2 on His Travels East—A New Theatre Going Quietly Up in Harlem—Herbert Keiley Receives a Jewelled Match-Box—Booth and Barrett to Go to Pittsburgh and Baltimore.

Mrs. Langtry, who is playing this week at the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, in Williamsburg, declined to give the conventional Christmas matinee, being desirous of spending the day at her home on Twenty-third street, and enjoying a good old English plum-pudding. The result of this was that Proslitudineur Hermann, of a less celebrated turn of mind, ran over to Williamsburg and gave a matinee performance in place of Mrs. Langtry. Apropos of this, it is amusing to watch the crowds that assemble in front of her house to catch a glimpse of her face whenever her Victoria, in front of the doorway, announces the fact that she is about to drive out. At about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon this interesting event occurred. On both sides of the street men, women and children stood and gazed rudely at the fenceless dwelling. The front door was thrown open; the carriage gates had been unfurnished, and all was ready. Presently Mrs. Langtry appeared, brilliant in a red bonnet, and accompanied by her little niece. She stepped daintily into the Victoria, carefully refrained from glancing at the people, who to the number of at least one hundred and fifty were watching her attentively, spoke a few words to the coachman, and was rattled noisily into the street. Two footmen followed and carefully closed the gates, laughingly addressing the policeman who was there to keep the free-show lovers in order. A gentleman who had probably never witnessed such a performance before was anxious to know what it all meant. "Nothing," vociferated the policeman, "it means that Mrs. Langtry is taking her usual airing, and that she's as popular as ever."

Manager Ford started out his No. 2 "Little Lord Fauntleroy" company, Christmas day in the East. It will travel through that territory for the next few weeks. Pretty soon no State will be complete without its "Fauntleroy."

It is not generally known that a new theatre in Harlem is being quietly put up on the eighth avenue side of the city. The theatre is being built by a corporation, and will have offices and seats in connection with it. It is said that the house will be a very fine one. Nothing has as yet been arranged as to its management. At the present time the Theatre Comique holds full sway over Harlem. Nothing is so successful as the play of spectacular interest.

Herbert Keiley received a handsome jewelled match-box for his Christmas. It came to hand anonymously. Keiley was very disappointed when he was told that the present came from a well-known firm, anxious to advertise a new article and convince the Keileys' assistance in that direction would be valuable.

At the close of their engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, Messrs. Booth and Barrett go to Pittsburgh and thence to Baltimore. New York will not see either of them again until they make their big production at the Broadway Theatre next season.

E. J. Buckley, who has been playing with Jefferson, is back in the city. Buckley says that very few melodramatic actors could have jumped into comedy as readily as he did with Jefferson.

The Gaity Company will probably play a four months' engagement in this city next season, unless extinguished by the mighty Aldrich.

The cleverest bit of stage work Cora Tanner ever attempted is her portrayal of the young English aristocrat in "Fascination," now at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre.

"The Crystal Slipper," with its many interesting features and well-acted scenes, is a decided success at the Amphion Theatre.

Brooklyn is rarely favored with a production of comic opera so complete in every detail as that of "The Queen's Mate" at the Academy of Music.

The company supporting Kate Claxton and Charles A. Stevenson in "The World Against Her" is a first-class one. The World Against Her, contains hardly a weak spot.

Mrs. Langtry will be seen to-morrow evening as Pauline Deschamps in "The Lady of Lyons" at the Lee Avenue Academy, a character which she enacts with much force.

Manager Seymour, of Jacob's Brooklyn Theatre, was presented with a set of rich parlor furniture Christmas evening, after the performance of "Hoodman Blind," by the employees of the house. Everybody likes Charlie Seymour.

A particularly even performance is that which H. R. Jacobs' company is now giving of the "Romany Rye" at the Lyceum Theatre.

In her best characterization, that of a typical swell, Mingle Schult is meeting with deserved success at Zipp's Casino. It is whispered that while he is so busy he will not be able to appear in an entirely new and original song.

In the forthcoming production of the "Yeomen of the Guard," which will tour in the New Year, the next and last run he has up his last. A long, wide, low bed, very pretty to look at, took up most of the room. There was a picture hung face in against the wall. This was a portrait of a woman, and looked as if it were earnestly. It showed him the remarkably beautiful features of a brunette. The eyes were big, black and pathetic looking. The nose was a nose of passion. The lips were in curling ripples on the forehead. After many minutes Stuart spoke. He only muttered a few words. They were:

"I loved you better, sis, than ever I will."

Then he laid the picture down and took a letter from his pockets. It was brief and rather incoherent. It read: "Good-by. Forgive me and forget me. I love you, but I love Ed more. I must go with him. Was true to you while I was with you. Good-by. Bless you. I pity you, for I know you love me. But I do not deserve the love of a man like you. You are too good for a worthless creature like me. Good-by."

"D—your pity, Belle, and you were just as good as I," was his last comment on this before he burst it. The gas jet, then from an electric, he took a candle of letters. He read them over slowly. Some of them made him smile. Fragments fell from his lips like these:

"Well, he was her husband."

"He killed himself, too."

"Wonder if he knows he is revenged?"

At last he had finished the reading. He was broad daylight outdoors, but the blinds and curtains were shut in his room so tight that not a ray of daylight could enter. The gas burned full and brightly.

As it fell on his face he looked worn and haggard now. Calmly he prepared for death. After bathing and shaving he dressed himself, even to his shoes.

Then he wrote a brief note to his landlady, bequeathing her the furniture in his room. Then he lay down on the bed and fired a bullet into his brain. He died instantly, with a smile on his handsome face.

Out in a country town an old man said to his aged wife:

"Mirandy, I wish we had our lad here for his Christmas eve. Perhaps he was hard on him. Maybe he will come home to his poor old dad some day."

"William, I wish never see us again, nor we him. I dreamed on him last night, and he was in his coffin, as he'll never come one again."

"Stuff and nonsense, Mirandy!"